IN THE RAIN.

In the rain Perched upon my window-pane Sat a sparrow sleek and vain, Wondrous wise, all sound and sane, Chirping sharp a pert refrain: "Let me in!" 'Let me in!"

Fast the rain
Dashes o'er the window-pane;
Why should sparrow not complain,
Scarce a foothold to retain?
Bolder now her shrill refrain:
"Let me in!"
"Let me in!"

How the fain
Surges 'gainst my window-pane;
I will breast it might and main,
Open wide; now, not in vain!
Soft the wee thing's glad refrain;
"I am in!"
"I am in!"

Fierce the rain Struggling at my window-pane. Hark! mid city's roar and din Voices of human waifs in sin! Out of the darksome street and lane,

With moans of anguish, cries of pain,
Sobbing like the sobbing rain,
This, O God, the sad refrain:
"Take me in!"
"Take me in!"
"Frances Fenton Sanborn, in the Boston
Transcript.

## THE TOBOGGAN.

A Tale of the Italian Fish. ing Fleet.

By BERNARD BARRY.

the little cottage on the southern slope of Telegraph Hill, Nita was re peating many Ave Marias before an atrocious lithograph of the Madonna. The fog-horn had been growling all morning, and her father and her lover were out

with the fishing fleet. For every Ave she offered up for Louis, the lover, she offered two for her father, the knew the Padrone, and his advice was the law of the fishermen. Even those who had incurred his disfavor at times loved him as only a petted but un. fore sunset. spoiled child could. Even Louis was not half so dear to her as the fatherher method of praying showed that,

Just at that time Louis and the Padrone were greatly in need of prayer, or perhaps more material as. picked up the helpless Louis and hurled sistance. A tug-boat-certainly steaming much faster than the half speed strength, then pushed off with his leg. little boat. Louis and the Padrone too soon, for the foremost seal collided entangled in the debris. The tug may beach again it was deserted. or may not have returned to investigate the damage. At any rate, it did not find Louis or the Padrone, who were left floundering in the sea.

"Boots off, Louis," called the Padrone, almost cheerily; "we must swim ill-luck .- San Francisco Argonaut, till we reach the islands, or till the fog lifts." He wanted to keep the younger man from realizing how hopeless was their condition. In a short time they their outer clothing, for they were both good swimmers.

"This way. The Farallones are this Louis began to tire, and the Padrone often weigh as much as ten oxen. heard him gasping for breath. "Cour-

Louis's strength was fast giving out. "Put your hand on my shoulder," ventured the Padrone; "I can tow

"No," panted Louis; "I can not last, Save yourself."

"It is for Nita, boy. You must be saved," said the Padrone, sharply; "in force, the name of God, listen!-the breakers! There is land ahead."

The young man struck out desperately, and the Padrone, swimming behind, with one powerful arm pushed him forward, holding him by the hair beach. But the Padrone was not so he ted to 104 degrees. fortunate. He was dashed against a sand for some time.

Apparently they were in a little gully, with walls running perpendicua sharp angle.

"Holy Mary!" whispered the Padrone. Out of the mist above came the sharp bark of the seal. Louis was too much exhausted to realize what it meant. But the Padrone knew. The seals would soon become alarmed for his good humor: and come sliding down that narrow slope seeking the water, after their ledge of rock jutted outward like a shelf.

"Thank God!" muttered the Padrone: "I can save you for Nita. Yes, the old man will save her Louis for his little as it should be. Her first mouthful

He dragged himself quickly to his feet, though the sharp pain in his knee made him wince. The seals were thoroughly aroused by this time. Rapidly gauging the distance with his eye, the Padrone seized the unconscious young man in his arms and tossed him

softly up on the ledge. The Padrone could hear the sound of the seals' flippers as they began their descent. He bowed his head to receive death, with a prayer on his lips. But in the kaleidoscopic flashes of recollection that come to men at such times, came the momentary remembrance of the days when he stood shoulder to shoulder with the red- when exposed to the pelting of dust shirted men in Italy to receive the charges of Pio Nono's troops. He by gasoline, grease and rain. The lifted his head with fierce pride and

shook his fist defiantly. "Viva Garibaldi!" shouted the Padrone, raising the old battle cry with halls from Australia and New Zealand. his last breath. For the scals slid The fur can be dyed nearly any color, down upon him in a frenzied mass. but brown has been found to stand the crushing him to death and rolling his test better than any other shade. So body into the sea.

The story of Louis's rescue covered other purpose.-New York Press.

nearly a page of a certain enterprising journal, for he was found and brought back to San Francisco in a specially chartered tug by two of their reporters. After they had photographed and interviewed him to their heart's content, he hurried off to Fisherman's

"Where is the Padrone?" was the first inquiry hurled at him fiercely. 'Dog! Coward! Where is the Pad-And the fishermen gathered about him with their fists.

Louis seemed not to see or fear the angry looks. He had been thinking of the ordeal of facing Nita with the news.

"It was at the little cove on Saddle Rock," he replied doggedly. "I was half dead, and he threw me up on the ledge. Then the scals slid down and killed him."

"Dog! Beast!" came the angry chorus. "How dare you come back to tell it. Death to the coward!" And several kuives were drawn.

Maruel, a tall, wiry Italian, who, next to the Padrone, held highest authority over the men, pushed Louis into a shed, where the fish were stored, and blocked the doorway,

"Wait!" he cried sharply. "Listen to reason. We will leave the matter to the daughter of the Padrone. If she desires it, we will send him to her. If not-we will punish. Pedro-go and find what she wishes."

A stalwart young fisherman quickly started on the errand, and returned with an expression of savage joy in his swarthy face, for he had been an

admirer of Nita "She says that she does not wish to

see him again," he panted. A cry of approval rose from the crowd. "Death to the coward!" they

"It is decided, then," said Manuel, calmly. "We will take him back to Saddle Rock, to die a coward's death, where he might have died a man's. Padrone. Every one connected with We want no cowards in the fishing the fishing industry in San Francisco, fleet. Pedro, we will go in your boat." Four fishermen, turned executioneers,

insisted.

glided out through the Golden Gate in Pedro's boat. Louis lay in the bottom bore him no ill-will, for the heart of bound, sullen and silent with bitter that gentle, gray-haired giant was as resignation. A fresh northeaster soft as his biceps were hard. Nita brought them to Saddle Rock just be

"Good." said Manuel, eagerly, "the seals are there. Quick, boys, before they become frightened."

The sail cluttered down, and two of the men bent to the oars. Manuel him up on the beach with all his prescribed by law for vessels in the The men backed desperately with the fog-had made matchwood out of their oars, and the little craft drew off, none plunged almost simultaneously into the forcibly with the bottom of the boat cold water just in time to avoid being When the men looked at the little

> In the little cottage on Telegraph Hill, Nita offered Aves to the Madonna's picture for the repose of her father's soul. No one prayed for the soul of Louis, whose only crime was

> > The Dimensions of a Whale.

Captain Davis, one of the most famous of the old-time American whaldivested themselves of their boots and ers, gives these as the dimensions of a

"The blubber of such a whale," he says, "is half a yard thick, and if put way. Follow close, but save your together in a strip would be sixty-six strength," said the Padrone. He was feet long and twenty-seven feet wide. completely lost, but there were vot- The upper faw would make a room umes of confidence and hope in his nine feet high and twenty feet long. voice. The men struck out, breasting The lips and throat of the brute, with the waves with strong, sturdy strokes. the supporting jawbones, will weigh as They swam for several hours, but much as twenty-five oxen of 1000 the fog did not lift or thin in the least. pounds each. The tongue alone will

"The spread of the lips is thirty feet, age, boy, for Nita," he cried. But He can take in fifty barrels of water at each mouthful. When feeding a whale as big as that sifts a track of sea a quarter of a mile long and fifteen feet wide in one run. Then he raises his head, forces his mighty tongue into the cavity of his whalebone sieve and drives the water out with immense

"The tail of a right whale is twentyfive feet broad and six feet deep, and the point of junction with the body is about four feet in diameter. In it lie tendons as big around as a man's leg.

"The greatest blood vessels are more and the other hand. A heavy roller than a foot in diameter. The blood caught the pair, hurling Louis up on that is forced through them by a heart an exceedingly small area of sandy as big as a hogshead runs in torrents

"The respiratory canal is more than a high rock on one side of the beach, foot in diameter. The rush of air and though he managed to crawl over through it is as noisy as the exhaust to Louis, his left knee was painfully pipe of a thousand horse power steam crippled. They lay breathless on the engine, and when the fatal wound is given a cataract of clotted blood is spattered over the hunters, so hot and nauseating that the crew of a whalelarly, and the floor sloping upward at | boat often becomes helplessly sick."-Washington Star.

Why She Cooked It.

The happy faced man swung on to a College avenue car, and this was the story he had to tell as an explanation

"I have a good joke on my wife. We have a new girl, a German, just over custom when alarmed. Several more from the fatherland. She is a hard and commenced to bark. The Padrone willing worker, but is greatly in need looked upward in despair. Several of judgment and common sense. Yesfeet above, on one of the walls, a little terday my wife ordered fish and instructed the girl to serve it for dinner. As soon as I tasted it I knew there would be something interesting when my wife discovered it was not as fresh caused her to ring for the girl.

"'Mary, is this the fish that came today?

" 'Yes, ma'am.' "'Didn't you know it was not good when you cooked it?'

" 'Yes, ma'am.' "Then why did you cook it?" "'Well, you bought it, and I thought you knew it, too,' "-Indianapolis News

The Wombst and the Auto. At last an animal has been found whose fur is suitable for automobile coats. Bearskin, the fur of foxes, lynxes, minks and other animals have been tried, but they were not durable and gravel, and they were easily soiled wombat is the animal which has come to the rescue of auto cranks. It is a member of the marsupial family, and valuable are the wombat pelts for auto coats that they are not used for any

AS IT IS SPOKE. She-You say your automobile has een acting strangely all day?

He-Yes; it has stopped I don't know how many times. She-And what are you putting the oil on it for?

He-To stop it stopping.-Yonkers

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great NerveRestorer. \$2trial bottle and treatisefree Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 981 Arch St., Phila., Pa The reputations of our ancestors don't do us much good when we are looking for a

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It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes, Cures while you walk. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample sent Free, Address, Alien S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y. When fortune knocks at the door some copie don't answer for fear it might be collector.

Jam sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Tuomas Ron-lins, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1993. The fellow who is run over by an auto-

# No Hair?

My hair was falling out very fast and I was greatly alarmed. I then tried Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair stopped falling at once."-Mrs. G. A. McVay, Alexandria, O.

The trouble is your hair does not have life enough. Act promptly. Save your hair. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor. If the gray hairs are beginning to show, Ayer's Hair Vigor will restore color every time. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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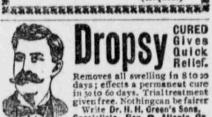
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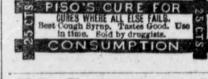
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#### wassessessessessessessessessesses AGRICULTURAL.

Passessessessessessesses

No Oats in Orchards. It has been many years since I first made the statement that a crop of oats is the next thing to a fire in an orchard. This feeling was forced upon me by he many injurious results I had seen in the orchards of others (but never in my own), and I have seen no reason to change or modify the statement.

All the small grains are injurious to orchards of any age. While the trees are young and a large part of the ground is not permeated by their roots, hence is not needed for their use, it is both reasonable and wise to utilize that part of it with temporary crops. But these crops should be such as require tillage and especially in the spring and early summer. Corn is not a bad crop, if not planted too close to the trees. Potatoes, sweet potatoes, peanuts, cotton, melons or almost any thing that requires frequent stirring of the soil will do.

But oats are the worst of all the small grains for orchards, because they not only draw largely on the fertility of the soil but require a very great uantity of moisture. There are great lifferences between crops in the amount of water necessary to pass through them to the air from the soil in the course of growth. Oats are among the most greedy in this respect. Anyone who has farmed very much knows how an eat crop leaves the ground. And then, it grows so late in the season. It is after rye and wheat are in the shock, and sometimes stacked and threshed, that the oat crop is cut. Whatever may be done or not done with the orchard soil do not afflict it with an oat crop.-H. E. Van Deman, in Vick's Magazine.

A Lamb Creep.

When the lambs get about two or three weeks of age, they will begin to pick at the hay and grain. They will soca want to be eating themselves. To have them do their best they must have a separate place from the ewes to eat, where they can go at will when they feel hungry-what is termed a lamb creep, extending across one end of the barn where there is an abundince of sunlight. In here put flat-botomed troughs extending the whole length of the apartment, with a board extending along the troughs, six inches above the sides, to prevent the lambs from getting their feet into it, as a lamb is very dainty about having his food clean. In here give them crushed oats, wheat bran, corn meal ground coarsely, and oil meal in the same proportion as I advised for the ewes. After they have learned to eat well, increase the feed until they have all they will eat. If any feed is over, clean it out each morning and feed it to the ewes, as the troughs must be kept clean in order to have them relish their food, Lambs that are made perfectly happy and contented (as it is the happy lambs that frow and put on flesh), being fed in this manner will be ready for market at eight or ten weeks of age, weighing from thirty to forty pour more, and will bring more net profit for the feed consumed than at any other age. But if the lamb is going to spend his life on the farm, instead of going to the butcher's block, I would recommend a different grain ration. I would feed but little corn meal, if any, keep his frame growing, give plenty of outdoor exercise, and let him develop naturally; then he will have more stamina when he grows to be a

sheep.-American Cultivator. Care of Sitting Hens.

Hens should sit for one week before placing eggs under them. Never remove a hen from her usual place of sitting, as she will not sit upon the eggs. If outside of henhouse, place a box over her to prevent her from being disturbed. In preparing nests, clean well, sprinkle about with kerosene, and place ashes and some soft hay in the bottom. The number of eggs should not exceed fifteen or go below thirteen. Don't let her off at all the first day, and after that once a day, Have some kind of inclosure to keep her from running off.

Feed whole shelled corn and always provide fresh water. If the ground is hard, loosen with spade or supply soft soil for dusting. If the hen is restless, better remove the eggs, as they must not be allowed to become cold. While hatching, she must be fastened on, Before removal to coop, rub well with

After hatching, the best coop for young chickens is a barrel. After seven or eight weeks, remove to large boxes with ground floor. Place props and bricks about the barrels to prevent rolling, and boxes to keep varmints from burrowing underneath the edge. Place ashes and a little hayseed in bottom of coops, and change and clean often, sprinking with kerosene. Give all the air you can without exposing them to night marauders.

After the first twenty-four hours feed four times each day while young. After a week or ten days feed cracked and whole corn. Fresh water should always be kept accessible to the chicks. Never let out during stormy days or carly wet mornings, when they are small. When the time comes to wear the chicks, leave it to the mother.--James A. Patterson, in New England Homestead.

Why She Cooked It.

The happy faced man swung on to a College avenue car, and this was the story he had to tell as an explanation for his good humor:

"I have a good joke on my wife. We have a new girl, a German, just over from the fatherland. She is a hand and willing worker, but is greatly in need of judgment and common sense. Yesterday my wife ordered fish and instructed the girl to serve it for dinner. As soon as I tasted it I knew there would be something interesting when my wife discovered it was not as fresh as it should be. Her first mouthful caused her to ring for the gfrl.

" 'Mary, is this the fish that came to day? "'Yes, ma'am." "'Didn't you know it was not good when you cooked it?

" 'Yes, ma'am.' "Then why did you cook it?"

"'Well, you bought it, and I thought you knew it, too." -- Indianapolis News,

### DOCTOR ADVOCATED OPERATION ---PE-RU-NA MADE KNIFE UNNECESSARY.

C ATARRH is a very frequent cause of that class of diseases popularly known as female weakness.

known as female weakness.

Catarrh of the pelvie organs produces such a variety of disagreeable and irritating symptoms that many people—in fact, the majority of people—have no idea that they are caused by catarrh.

If all the women who are suffering with any form of female weakness would write to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, and give him a complete description of their symptoms and the peculiarities of their troubles he will immediately reply with complete directions for treatment, free of charge.

Mrs. Eva Bartho, 133 East 12th street, N. Y. City, N. Y.

writes: suffered for three years with leucorrhea and ulcar-ation of the womb. The doctor advocated an operation which dreaded very much, and strongly objected to go under it. Now I am a changed woman. Peruna cured me; it took nine bottles, but I felt so much im-proved I kept taking it, as I dreaded an operation so much. I am to-day in perfect health and have not felt so well for fifteen years."—Mrs. Eva Bartho.

Miss Maud Steinbach, 1300 12th St., Mitwaukee, Wis., writes:

"Last winter I lelt sick most of the time, was irregular and suffered from nervous exhaustion and severe bearing down pains. I had so frequently heard of Peruna and what wonderful cures it performed, so I sent for a bottle, and in four weeks my health and strength were entirely restored to me."—Miss Maud Steinbach. Everywhere the women are using Peruna and praising it. Peruna is not a palliative. and praising it. Peruna is not a palliative simply; it cures by removing the cause of

female disease.

Dr. Hartman has probably cured more women of female ailments than any other living physician. He makes these cures simply by using and recommending Pe-



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If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratts. Address Dr. Hariman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

His Blackstonian Circumlocution.

"I received, this afternoon," said the bright-eyed, common-sense girl, the while a slight blush of maidenly coyness tinted her pink-hued cheeks, "a written proposal of marriage from Horace J. Pokelong, the rising young attorney, and-"

"Huh! that petrified dub!" jealously jaculated the young dry goods dealer, who had been hanging back because of his timidity and excessive adoration. "He says," proceeded the maiden, gently ignoring the interruption, and

reading aloud from the interesting document, "I have carefully and comp. shensively analyzed my feelings towards you, and the result is substantially as follows: I respect, admire, adore and love you, and hereby give, grant and convey to you my heart and

won, inherited or in any other manner acquired, gained, anticipated or expected, with full and complete power to use , expend, utilize, give away, bestow or otherwise make use of the same, anything heretofore stated, expressed, implied or understood, in or by my previous condition, standing, walk, attitude or action, to the contrary notwithstanding; and I

possessions and emoluments, either

"I-I-!" fairly shouted the listener. "I-I-!" fairly shouted the listner, springing to his feet, and extending his arms. "Miss Brisk-Maud-I love you! Will you marry me?"

"Yes, I will!" promptly answered the lass, as she contentedly snuggled up in his encircling embrace. "And I'll reply to the ponderous appeal of that pedantic procrastinator with one expressive slangism, 'Nit!' I am to the same, together with all my yours, Clarence."-June Smart Set.

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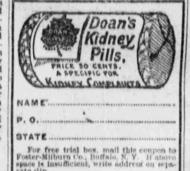
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"I received the free sample of Doan's Kidney Pilis. For five years I have had much pain in my back, which physicians said arose from my kidneys. Four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pilis have entirely cured the trouble. I think I owe my life to these Pilis, and I want others to know it." Sadis Davis,

Baxter Springs, Kans.

FARMOUTH, VA.—"I suf-fered over twelve months with pain in the small of my back. Medicines and plas-ters gave only temporary relief. Doan's Kidney Pils cured me." F. S. Baows, Falmouth, Va.



Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago. Write for our free booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

Marian Warner Wildman, whose "Not His the Silence" will be one of the verse features of the July Century, won The Century's 1898 prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best metrical writing submitted that year by any college graduate of 1897. Miss Wildman is an alumna of Western Reserve University, and her present residence is Norwalk, Ohio.

The July Century will have for its frontispiece a new wood-engraving by Timothy Cole, the Menippus by Velasquez. The criginal hangs in the Salon de Valesquez of the Prado Museum in Madrid; and Timothy Cole's reproduction, said to be one of his finest blocks, will be the seventh in The Century's series of Old Spanish Masters.

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To all who suffer, or to the friends of those who suffer with Kidney, Liver, Heart, Bladder or Blood Disease, a sample bottle of Stast's Gin and Buchu, the great southern Kidney and Liver Medicine, will be sent absolutely free of cost. Mention this paper. Address STUART DRUG M'FG CO., 28 Wall St., Atlanta, Ga

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Warm baths with Catleara Soap, to cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, gentle applications of Cuticura Ointment, to allay itching, irritation and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and mild doses of Cuticurz Resolvent, to cool the blood in the severer cases, are all that can be desired for the speedy relief and permanent cure of skin tortured infants and children, and the comfort of worn-out parents.

Millions of women use Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cutteura Ointment, for preserving, purifying and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair and hands, for annoying irritations and weaknesses, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves. Yold throughout the world. Cuticura Resolvent. 50a. (in orm of Chesolste Coated Fills, 15a. per vist of 60, Ointo-ment, 50a., 8-rap, 25a. Depot: London, 27 Chartrhouse 84 Peris, 5 Rus de la Paix; Hoston, 157 Columbus Ave. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp. Proprietive.



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